

Tell me what ocean coast thou hold
 The key of my unrest
 And if perchance to wrought of gold
 In after years to bless
 This cure and toil These anxious fears
 With joy unstained by sorrow tears
 And I the stranger guest
 In lone and dwell in a quiet home
 Such as I dream of when alone

But time alone has power to solve
 Our chance is on the wheel
 Perhaps for years it may resolve
 And long our fates conceal
 Then send each anxious core to rest
 And dream of those we love the best
 Whilst fortune shall reveal
 What nature has for us in store
 Then feast or fast who can do more

His her I love the best of all
 Who in sad I fear me
 Whilst here I roam from spring to fall
 O'er the ocean weary
 Though oft as now I've pledged before
 To ride the traitor wave no more
 From her I love most dearly
 When parting hours cling to my soul
 Still sailing in their onward roll

The first sunshine in the frigid spring

I hail thy glorious light again
 With joy which kindles in my sight
 And welcome is beam once more
 Around the dismal gates of night

In thy long absence none can tell
 How time unheeded has dragged along
 Where sleep has lost its charm to soothe
 Where nature mingles right with wrong

To thy continued presence here
 We cannot claim exclusive right
 Since to him to cross the tropic sea
 And break the great antarctic night

Blessed in the land which fell beneath
 Thy summer path of rosy stream
 And blessed are those whose better fate
 Should fall beneath thy lasting beam

Let land climb to latitudes
 Where months of darkness drag along
 Then dream how joyful you could bless
 The first bright beam of rosy morn

It is no marvel then that me
 In clothes of skin too heavy clad
 To see the summer king arise
 Should ever find our hearts more glad

His bonny 20/68